

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



ALFRED LETSOM DOES NOT WISH IT KNOWN WHERE HE IS GOING.

## THE LOST BANK NOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE."

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT SPECULATING BROUGHT.

THERE ensued a contest between Maria and her brothers: they wanted her to go and call upon all her friends, and Maria declined calling upon any. It was more than likely she should be received with coolness, if not haughtily repulsed, and she could not subject herself to it. George declared that the affair of the lost money had not penetrated to Briarly, that themselves and the Letsoms alone knew it, and Maria would be welcomed with joy. She

still shook her head and doubted, but at length yielded so far as to promise to visit one valued friend of by-gone years, who was now bed-ridden.

As she was proceeding to this lady's on the Monday morning, she caught sight of Mrs. Letsom's face at the window of a handsome house—their residence—in one of the principal streets of Briarly. Mrs. Letsom flew to the door, opened it, and pulled Maria in, whether she would or not. "What in the world brings you to Briarly, Maria?"

"I am staying a few days with my brothers," was Maria's reply. "How is Mr. Letsom?"

Mrs. Letsom did not answer. She seated herself on a costly sofa, and bent her head almost on to her knees, as if absorbed in thought. "Maria, I don't think you took that money, after all the fuss," she abruptly exclaimed.

"I never did take it," quietly replied Maria. "The mystery may come to light some time, when it will be found that I did not."

"Alfred says he is sure you never took it, and he has inoculated me with the belief. Now, if you did not, you must be one of the most patiently enduring girls in existence, and I feel you would make a firm friend. I want a friend; I want advice—will you be that friend? Will you forget and forgive old scores, and be true to me?"

"In any way that I can be," replied Maria.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," she resumed, dropping her voice; "Alfred is in a mess."

"In a mess! Do you mean in money matters?"

"In all matters, I think; but I don't understand, and I can't understand. He has seemed in bad spirits for the last month or two, and has taken a good deal of wine at dinner. When I told him it was not right, he replied that he was distracted with care, and did not heed what he was doing. On Saturday he came home at five, as usual. I cannot tell you, Maria, how strange he looked. I inquired what was amiss, and he answered me testily, that I was not to tease him; though I really believe he did not know what he said. After dinner he went upstairs, and I heard him walking about over head, in his dressing-room. I thought nothing, though it was unusual for him to leave the table so soon. I was reading an amusing book at the time. Presently he came down, and I saw he had his small portmanteau with him, packed. 'Alfred!' I exclaimed, 'where are you going?' 'Hush!' he cried, looking round in apprehension to the door; 'don't talk so loud. I don't want it known that I am going out; you can say in the house that I am just gone over to the Glebe Farm.' Well, with that I began to give him messages for my sister. 'Frances, you are an idiot,' he cried, as if he were in pain or anger; 'I am not going to the Glebe Farm; but I wish you to say so if you are asked.' 'Then where are you going, and when shall you be back?' I went on, when I had recovered my surprise—and especially at his wishing me to convey a falsehood. 'Monday morning; you shall know all about it then,' he answered. Maria, he was off like a shot. Carrying his portmanteau, and stealing on tiptoe through the hall, he went out at the street door. I thought it very strange; I thought it strange that his face was so white and his chest panted so; and he laid hold of me and held me for a moment, and said nothing but 'farewell.' Does it not seem strange to you?"

"It certainly does," replied Maria.

"Ah, but that strangeness was nothing," whispered Mrs. Letsom, "compared with what has happened this morning. I have received a letter from him, which you shall see." She produced a key from inside her dress as she spoke, unlocked an elegant note-case, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and handed a letter to Maria. It was in Mr. Letsom's hand-writing; but it had neither signature nor date, and they could not make out the post-mark.

"Frances, my dearest, things have gone wrong with me, and it is necessary that I absent myself for a time. Be courageous; do not be alarmed at anything you hear or see; your home will not be touched, and in my desk you will find plenty of money to go on with. As soon as I can with safety let you know where I am, so that you can come to me, I will do so; but it may not be yet awhile. Burn this letter the moment you have read it."

Strange thoughts, like a whirlwind darted through Maria's mind. She felt little doubt that Alfred Letsom's "going wrong" was connected in some way with his gambling speculations. It was a singular coincidence, that at the very hour on Saturday night in which her brother George was alluding to the probable danger, the actual danger was falling upon Alfred.

"What do you think?" exclaimed Mrs. Letsom. "What ought I to do?"

"I think the first thing for you to do should be to obey your husband in burning this letter. It may not be safe to keep it."

"Who is to come in here and look for it?" retorted Mrs. Letsom. "But you don't tell me, Maria, what your opinion is about Alfred?"

"I fear Mr. Letsom must have debts that he cannot meet," said Maria, thoughtfully.

"But people do not run away just for debt, in this mysterious sort of way," she impatiently replied; "they ask their creditors to wait, and pay them by degrees, if they cannot pay them at once. I have settled the house-keeping bills, and such-like claims, monthly, and I know that the house-rent is paid; so how can we be in debt?"

Mrs. Letsom was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. She stole to the window, peeped from it, and discerned the face of Mr. Williamson, one of the principals in the house where her husband was clerk. His face wore an ominous frown; and, not giving time for the first summons to be answered, he knocked again. They heard him ask for Mrs. Letsom.

"I won't see him," she uttered, a nervous terror appearing to seize her. "Maria, you must see him for me." She escaped from the room by an inner door, and Maria had just time to pick up Mr. Letsom's note and crush it in her hand, when the merchant entered. She began explaining that Mrs. Letsom could not see him, when he interrupted her.

"Madam, I must insist upon seeing Mrs. Letsom. I beg your pardon—is it not Miss West? I did not recognise you at the first moment," he added, in a less stern tone, as he held out his hand. "You are, then, perhaps, in the confidence of the Letsoms, and can explain to me as well as she can where he is gone to."

"I am sufficiently in Mrs. Letsom's confidence to be able to tell you that she does not know where her husband is. She is in much perplexity at his absence, and cannot imagine what has gone wrong."

"May I believe you?" he rejoined, after a pause.

"Indeed you may," earnestly replied Maria. "I would not tell you an untruth."

"Then Letsom is a worse villain than we thought him; and has abandoned his wife to meet the brunt of this shock without preparing her for it."

"Oh, sir, I hope he is not! What is it that is amiss?"

"Amiss, Miss West! It will be known publicly before the day's out what he is, and what crimes he has committed. That he is making his escape abroad, to be out of our reach, there's little doubt; but we will bring him back yet, and let him answer for it in the felon's dock."

"What has he done?" faltered Maria.

"He has helped himself to money that was not his—thousands. One of our clerks discovered that something was wrong on Saturday evening, but could not communicate with us till this morning. He came here, watched the house, and saw Letsom strutting out of it with a portmanteau, but he had no authority to stop him; and, in point of fact, his suspicions were not then certainties. This comes of gambling ventures."

Maria sat in sorrow; her hands folded before her, and the crushed note in one of them. Gambling! Yes; and the same fate might have been George's.

"How much fortune did Letsom get with his wife?" suddenly asked Mr. Williamson.

"Not any," replied Maria.

"Not any!" he repeated in surprise. "Oh then, that was another of his swindling deceptions. Why, he informed us that she had—I don't know how many hundreds a year. For you may be sure that when we saw him living at the expensive rate he adopted on his marriage, we inquired where the funds came from; he said from his wife, and we put faith in his reply; we had no cause then, so far as we knew, to doubt his word. Last week it was disclosed to us that he was in the habit of speculating and gambling deeply; we had him before us and questioned him, and he said it was an untruth."

Maria felt quite bewildered at the proofs of roguery, one upon another, against the man she had once esteemed so highly. "How very sorry I am to hear this," she exclaimed. "It is a sad thing for Mrs. Letsom."

"She is to be pitied; the wives of these swindlers generally are. You had an escape, young lady."

She knew to what he alluded, and her colour became bright. "Indeed I had," she murmured, "in more ways than one."

"Ay, ay; he never deserved you. You are sure Mrs. Letsom does not know where he is?"

"I am quite sure that she knows no more than I or than you. I fear she has no suspicion of her own position, or of the blow that must fall upon her. I suppose, sir, the things in the house are hers; I believe she thinks they are—I mean independent of her husband."

"The things in the house!" he echoed; "there's not the worth of this," touching a china card-basket on the table, "belonging to her. All must come to the hammer; if she has no fortune apart from him, she's penniless. It would be charitable for you to acquaint her with her position; better let her know the worst at once. In ten minutes a man will be in possession, to see that nothing in the house is removed."

Mr. Williamson turned to depart; he had not sat, he had stood, pushing away, at first, the chair offered him. Maria stepped after him. "Sir," she whispered, "you will have compassion on him for his wife's sake? Do not be more harsh with him than you can avoid."

"He should have thought of his wife. If we suffer our clerks to rob us with impunity, and decline to punish them out of compassion to their wives, where should we ourselves soon be?"

Too true. Maria sat with folded hands again, and Mrs. Letsom came creeping in at the inner door.

"What did he want? what is the matter? Maria, how strangely you are looking!"

"Take this," she sighed, handing her the letter she had concealed. "I kept it from his view; but it would have mattered little had he seen it, for he knows more than it can tell. Frances, I have heard sad tidings; how shall I impart them to you?"

A cold stony hue rose to and shaded Mrs. Letsom's face. "Is he dead?" she gasped.

"No, not dead; not ill. It is a different evil—disgrace."

"I'm sure I don't know what you would insinuate," returned Mrs. Letsom, almost peevishly. "Can't you speak out?"

"He has taken money that was not his."

"Money!" repeated Mrs. Letsom in a terrified whisper. "Of theirs? How much?"

"A great deal, I fear. Thousands."

The blow seemed for the moment almost to overpower Frances Letsom's faculties. But her first collected feeling was for herself; she had not lost her innate selfishness.

"They cannot touch my home, as Alfred said the furniture and all in it is mine; it was settled upon me."

"Mr. Williamson says nothing whatever in it is yours, and that in a few minutes a man will be sent in to remain in possession. I am grieved to tell you, Frances, but it is better you should be prepared. Mr. Williamson would not say you had no claim to it, without good grounds."

Mrs. Letsom walked up to a mahogany desk, unlocked it and took out a roll of bank notes. "At any rate I will secure this," she said; "it is the money he spoke of in his letter—forty or fifty pounds." And Maria closed her eyes and ears; she could not countenance the dishonesty, but she could not inform against Mrs. Letsom.

"Maria, what is to become of me when this is spent, if he does not come back?" It was a question that could not be answered. "Maria," she passionately continued, abandoning herself to her sorrow without reserve, "I was in a hurry to snatch Alfred Letsom from you, and this is my punishment."

Maria was too generous to add to her remorse; but she could have replied that underhand dealing is sure to find itself out.

Ere night the whole facts, and a thousand and one additions that were not facts, were flying about Briarly. In his reckless speculations, his mad infatuation, Alfred Letsom had used the money of his employers—not with any real intention to defraud: he believed he should be able to put it back with ease; for the gambling fever had seized powerful hold upon him, and he looked for certain luck, as these unhappy men are sure to do. He embarked his own money first, and began to lose; then he made free with a little of his employers' to retrieve his own, and that went; and then he had to take a little more to prevent consequences; and so it went on, till four thousand pounds were deficient, and exposure was inevitable. He had certainly settled the house of furniture upon his wife, but he had settled it after his marriage, and when he was not actually solvent; consequently, the settlement was worth so much waste paper. And now he was a fugitive from his country, branded with disgrace and crime, and his wife would be turned out without a home, and without a shilling in the world, save the notes she had pocketed. Speculation!

"George, you see what gambling will bring a man to," Maria observed to her brother that evening.

"Ay. How can I be thankful enough that I escaped this fate?"

"By ever serving the merciful God who snatched you from the danger," she replied, in an impressive tone.

Maria remained ten days at Briarly, and then left her brothers with a much lighter heart than she had sought them; she had little fear of them now. As she passed the Letsoms' house on her way to the station, she saw stair-carpetings hanging out at the windows, and bills posted up—a sure sign that a sale was about to take place. Mrs. Letsom was gone from the town—it was conjectured to her father's house in London. When Maria reached Wyndham, the pony carriage was at the station to meet her, and, to her surprise, Mr. Lister with it. He came up to her with his cordial smile of welcome.

"Will you accept me as charioteer, in place of your aunt? I happened to call at the farm, and found Mrs. West lamenting that there was no one in the way to fetch you but herself, and she had a visitor, an in-



valid, and wished to remain at home, so I offered my services."

"It is very kind of you to be at the trouble, Mr. Lister; and it is kind of my aunt to send the carriage. I did not expect it. I was looking forward to the long walk."

"I believe, to have you back again, Maria, she would send a coach-and-four; she has missed you so much. I hope you found your brothers well," he resumed as they drove along.

"Yes, and so happy, so steady, and trying to do their best. Oh, Mr. Lister, I do not think I shall be half so sad as I was, now I have that comfort. But who is at the Glebe Farm?"

"Mrs. Letsom. I have not seen her: I hear she is not well."

"Mrs. Letsom!" involuntarily repeated Maria.

"How is Mr. Letsom? Getting rich, I suppose. Did you see much of him?"

"N—o," hesitated Maria. She coloured at the remark and the question. Getting rich! Mr. Lister looked keenly at her; he attributed her embarrassment to a different cause, for he had known of the old attachment. Maria divined his thoughts, and felt vexed.

"The truth is, I scarcely knew how to answer you, and that made me hesitate," she said ingenuously. "Mr. Letsom is in a little trouble; but I fancy Mrs. Letsom would not like it talked about. He is not at Briarly, and I do not know where he is." And Mr. Lister smiled again.

"Oh dear, there is the old home!" exclaimed Maria, as the Glebe Farm became visible amidst the distant trees. "My heart seems to fail me; it is not a happy home to be returning to."

"I wish it were in my power to offer you a better," spoke the clergyman in a low tone; and Maria, in the surprise of the moment, turned her face full towards him. "A hundred a year—all I get by my curacy—will not justify me in asking you to share it; but—"

"Stay, Mr. Lister," she vehemently interrupted; "do you remember to whom you are speaking? One lying under the cloud of dishonesty can never be regarded as a fit wife for a clergyman."

Her complexion had become deadly pale, and now it was flushing crimson. She felt the full generosity of the man sitting beside her; she had long felt his worth; and the tears fell over her cheeks.

"Thank you for ever for this," she murmured; "now I know that you do put faith in me."

"Faith!" he repeated: "ay, and a great deal more. Maria, if you would venture to share my poverty; if it would be happier for you than—"

"Pray do not proceed; I cannot listen to it. If a poor labourer—one of those in the field," she added, pointing to a meadow where several men were at work—"were to come to me and ask me to be his wife, I would say No, out of respect to him. So long as this cloud shall hang over me, Mr. Lister, I may never become other than what I am."

He urged no more; he saw how earnest she was. "Let us both pray and hope," he whispered—"I for better means, you for daylight. God is over all."

#### KÖNIGSBERG.

Few places of such importance as Königsberg are so out of the way of the common run of tourists, for it ranks third among the cities of Prussia in point of population. It lies some four hundred miles to the north-

east of Berlin, and the intervening country offers no temptation to the traveller to traverse it. On either hand are dark pine woods, interspersed with small lakes, swamps, sandy heaths, and erratic blocks. The last are monuments of the northern drift, or fragments transported from the primitive rocks of Scandinavia, varying from the smallest size to huge masses, and giving to the landscape the appearance of a country in ruins. Few have therefore cared to visit the old capital when Prussia was a dukedom, except commercial people, with diplomatists and cabinet couriers, passing to and fro between Berlin and Petersburg. Now and then its name has been rendered prominent by political events—by battles, for instance, as those of Friedland and Eylau, which were fought in the neighbourhood; by royal adversities, as when it became the refuge and residence of king and queen during the Germanic triumph of Napoleon; and by coronations, as at the commencement of the last century, when the Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick III, transformed himself into Frederick I, King of Prussia, putting the crown upon his own head within its walls.

Long had the Elector, a deformed pomp-loving man—married, by the way, to a sister of our George I—wished to turn his electorate into a kingdom, and assume the regal dignity. But of course the thing was not to be done without the consent of the German emperor, and his acquiescence was only to be obtained by a dexterous distribution of cash among his intimates. After repeated failures, the money took effect when it rose to 100,000 thalers, and was offered to the imperial confessor, who for this sum used his influence with the emperor with success. Great was the joy of Frederick. He determined, as Carlyle has it, "to set out forthwith, and have the coronation done, though it was mid-winter, and Königsberg lies four hundred miles off, through tangled shaggy forests, boggy wildernesses, and in many parts only corduroy roads. We order '30,000 post-horses,' besides all our own large stud, to be got ready at the various stations: our boy, Friedrich Wilhelm, shall go with us; much more, Sophie Charlotte, our august Electress-Queen, that is to be; and we set out on the 17th of December, 1700, last year of the century, 'in 1800 carriages:' such a cavalcade as never crossed those wintry wildernesses before. The magnificence of Frederick's processionings in Königsberg, and through it, and in it, to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there, what pen can describe it, what pen need! Folio volumes with copper plates have been written on it, and are not yet all pasted in handboxes. The diamond buttons of his Majesty's coat (snuff-coloured or purple, I cannot recollect) 'cost £15,000 apiece.' Streets were hung with cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colours, to thatch the Arctic zone." It was a very noticeable circumstance that Sophie Charlotte was out of humour, and did not at all enjoy the scene, while her consort disported himself like a very king of the peacocks. At last, weary with rising up, sitting down, and listening to the orations, she was distinctly seen to take a little box out of her pocket, and deliberately solace herself with a pinch of snuff. The king looked thunders at the *infra dig.* operation. But it was of no use. The act could not be recalled. She had the snuff, and he had to digest the indignation.

Again, on the occasion of the coronation of the present king of Prussia, Königsberg was prominent in all the journals. There had been no instance of the kind since the one referred to, through the long interval of a hun-

dred and sixty years, all the intermediate sovereigns having been content with the simple rite of receiving the oath of allegiance. Great, therefore, was the gathering at the city, of loyal Prussians; and this time the royal progress to it, with that of the representatives of crowned heads, and a crowd of strangers, was facilitated by the railway, which has contributed much to lessen the isolation of the place. The Schlosskirche, or Chapel of the Palace, as on the first occasion, was the scene of the ceremony, which needs no notice, though the building itself, with its former lords, deserves remark. It is a large, unsightly, quadrangular structure, reared at different periods, and now devoted to various purposes, as government offices of high and low degree. But it incloses a spacious court-yard, in which knights have tilted; for here resided the grand masters of the Teutonic Order during their term of power upon the coast, who founded the pile, and indeed the city.

This order of military priests, styled Teutonic, from its members consisting of Germans, arose in Palestine towards the close of the twelfth century, but was there kept in abeyance and obscured by the more powerful Templars and Hospitallers. Invited to the eastern coast of the Baltic to wield their swords against its heathendom, the knights hastened thither, glad of having a field of enterprise to themselves. They eventually mastered the entire shore, erected castles, built palaces, and lived luxuriously, as the virtual sovereigns of the territory, compelling the unhappy natives to receive the waters of baptism, or be exterminated. They took possession of the site of Königsberg in 1255, erected a wooden fort on a spot now occupied by a cavalry barrack, and hence, eight years ago, in 1855, the city held a jubilee commemorating the completion of the sixth century of its existence. Next arose a more durable stronghold of stone, surrounded with walls and a moat, furnished with towers and drawbridges, which, after undergoing repeated pulling down and building up, is now this very schloss or palace, the scene of Prussia's two coronations. Cellars there are to which tradition refers as dungeons and torture-chambers, and from which strange and horrible implements are said to have been removed, once used to coerce the reluctant to conversion.

One apartment there is of interest, called the Amber Chamber, from being adorned with the carbonaceous mineral obtained from the neighbouring shores. But before we roam to the strand, a few jottings may find place. Königsberg occupies both banks of the Pregel, and an island in the river. On the latter are the oldest and busiest portions of the city, with the cathedral and the university. The cathedral, an interesting Gothic structure, contains the grave of Kant, the metaphysician, who lived at a still-existing house, No. 3 in the Prinzessin Strasse. It has also a fine marble monument of the Margrave Albert, the last of the Grand Masters, who renounced his vows, embraced Lutheranism, and founded the university in 1555. Several autograph letters of Luther to his wife, Catherine Bora, with the original of the summons and safe-conduct he received to appear at the Diet of Worms, are preserved in the university library. After a flow of from three to four miles, the river enters the Frische-haff, a large lake-like expanse, bounded to seaward by a long and narrow ridge of sand, variously flat, or undulating with hillocks which the winds have piled. Through this ridge there is an opening to the Baltic about half a mile wide. Vessels too large for the shallow waters of the haff unload and receive their cargoes at this point, in the harbour of Pillau. We are now fairly at the Amber shore.

Amber, so well known for its electrical properties,

and prized for ornamental purposes, though found along the coast of Pomeranian Prussia, is obtained in the greatest quantity between Dantzic and Memel, especially in the neighbourhood of Königsberg. After strong north winds have agitated the sea, shoals of sea-weed are washed towards the strand, among which the mineral is found, either adhering to the mass or entangled in it. As soon as a cargo arrives within convenient distance, the amber-fishers enter the water to secure it, haul the prize upon the beach, and examine its contents. The product appears in nodules varying in size from that of a nut to that of a man's head, though the latter size is very rare. It has been obtained by regular mining in the sand, and divers have been employed to search for it at the bottom of the sea; but neither plan has proved remunerative, and the billows are now the sole agents of the supply. About a hundred and fifty hogsheds are annually collected—an amount which has been steadily maintained for three centuries. But the occupation is strictly closed to individual enterprise.

In their day, the Grand Masters took possession of the trade, and derived from it a considerable revenue. It afterwards became a royal monopoly. An officer of the government superintended the collection, disposed of the proceeds by public auction, maintained watch and ward on the coast, and any individual detected collecting on his own account was liable to capital punishment. A range of gallows was set up on the shore *in terrorem*, to which the "strand-riders" hurried off any delinquent without much ceremony. Since the commencement of the present century, the right of collecting has been let by the government to contractors, who pay an annual rental, and have the monopoly of the coast. At present, a person detaining a piece of amber accidentally found is liable to prosecution for theft; nor can the Königsbergers roam their own sea-side at will, beyond certain limits, without being subject to search by the watchmen of the strand. Amber is an indurated fossil resin, yielded by an extinct species of pine, often with insects imbedded in it. Pope has a well-known couplet on "flies in amber," and the wonder "how they got there." At some remote epoch, in this part of the Baltic, where the waters now freely sport, forests of amber pines waved to the winds, and were either slowly submerged by the encroachments of the sea, or suddenly engulfed by some grand catastrophe of nature.

Sites of interest in the history of theoretical and practical astronomy are nigh at hand. There is Frauenburg, a small old town, partly seated on a height rising up on the inner side of the *haff*, and overlooking the more distant waters of the Gulf of Dantzic. Here Copernicus spent the greater portion of his life. In a house on the hill of the cathedral, in which he held a canonry, he wrote his famous treatise on the motions of the celestial orbs, which, in the language of Tycho Brahe, "moved the earth from its foundations, stopped the revolution of the firmament, made the sun stand still, and subverted the whole ancient order of the universe." He was buried in the cathedral, where a simple tablet, marked with a rude sphere and a half-effaced name, indicates his resting-place. At no great distance is Dantzic, which numbered among its merchant princes and magistrates Hevelius, who established a conservatory in connection with his house, was visited by our countryman Halley, at the request of the Royal Society, to solve a problem of observation, and published an account of the transit of Venus in 1639, as seen by its only observer, the youthful Englishman, Horrox, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool.

But we return to our starting-point, Königsberg, with

an observatory occupying an old bastion on the western side of the city, rendered famous in the present age by the labours of the late Professor Bessel. He had command of one of the magnificent refracting telescopes, for which the world is indebted to Fraunhofer, of Munich; furnished with a micrometrical apparatus of wonderful perfection, and aided by this instrument, he was the first to solve the problem of the distance of the stars, the "street-lamps," as they have been called, "of the city of God." Through three years, night after night, when the weather was favourable, he watched the star 61 Cygni, till in the year 1838, satisfied with the accuracy of his observations, he could announce its annual parallax, and consequently its distance, equal to six hundred thousand times the distance of the sun.

The astronomer, though originally a commercial clerk at Bremen, was unsuspicious of the ways of the world, but received some practical instruction. He was fastidious as to his dress, and, happening to see some cloth of rare quality while at the Leipsic great fair, he purchased a portion for a coat; but on reaching home his tailor declared the quantity insufficient. Bessel, conscious that he could not get any more of the like kind in Königsberg, determined to try another artist, who affirmed there was enough, and proved it by sending him his coat. But on going out one day, what was his astonishment to meet a schoolboy wearing a jacket of precisely the same cloth, who proved to be the son of tailor number two. There was no mistake about the matter; so, taking the urchin home with him, Bessel sent for tailor number one. After mentioning the circumstances—

"I ask you," said the astronomer, "how comes it that you thought the quantity insufficient, while your brother tailor has found it enough even to spare something for his boy? How do you explain that?"

"In the most simple way, your honour," was the frank reply: "my Fritz is by very much taller and bigger than this boy."

Good as well as great men have been connected with Königsberg. Having referred to the treasures of the deep and the glories of the firmament—objects of sight and sense—we append some pleasing lines on what the eye cannot see, "Treasure in Heaven," manifest to the view of faith, written by a native of the shore.

"My soul, let this your thoughts employ,  
Defer not until death to ponder  
On what shall be the heavenly joy  
Which God's redeem'd are promised yonder.

"True riches lie beyond the skies,  
And there shouldst thou be ever gazing;  
Then learn earth's treasures to despise,  
To heaven your spirit upward raising.

"But ah! those riches who can paint,  
Reserved in heaven for righteous spirits,  
Or show me but in outline faint  
What he who scorns the world inherits!

"No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,  
Nor heart of man hath comprehended,  
The peace and joy in heaven prepared  
For those who well their course have ended.

"Then why do earth and earthly things  
Thus check my heavenward inclinations?  
Oh! that I now had eagles' wings  
To aid my longing aspirations!

"Oh come, Lord Jesus! nor delay  
From this dark scene my soul to sever;  
From earth I would depart away,  
And with my Saviour be for ever."

These lines were composed by Simon Dache, Professor of Poetry in the university during the Thirty Years'

War. In that time of trouble to Germany he consoled himself and sought to comfort his afflicted countrymen by his hymns of faith and hope.

#### THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE OMNIBUS.

THE history of the omnibus presents one among many remarkable instances of the contrivance of a former age being unwittingly set down as the invention of our own time. The omnibus was, indeed, known in France nearly two hundred years ago, when Louis XIV took great interest in the success of the novelty. Carriages on hire had already been long known in Paris: coaches, by the hour, or the day, were let out at the sign of "St. Fiacre," whence the coach itself was called a *fiacre*. The hire was, however, too expensive for the middle classes. In 1657, letters patent were granted for coaches and calèches drawn by two horses, to be hired in Paris and its environs; though the prices were still too high for the multitude. But, five years later, in 1662, a royal decree of Louis XIV authorised the establishment of "two-penny-halfpenny" omnibusses, or "*carrosses à cinq sous*." The company had at its head the Duke of Roanès, and the Marquises of Sourches and Crenan; and the gentle Pascal was among the shareholders. The decree expressly stated that these coaches, of which there were originally seven, each containing eight places, should run at fixed hours, full or empty, to and from certain extreme quarters of Paris, for the benefit of "a great number of persons ill-provided for, as persons engaged in law-suits, infirm people, and others who have not the means to ride in a chaise or carriage, which cannot be hired under a pistole, or a couple of crowns a day."

The public inauguration of the new conveyances, by which could be enjoyed a two-penny-halfpenny ride, spread delight throughout the capital. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th of March, 1662, three of the "busses" started from the Porte St. Antoine, and four from the Luxembourg. Previous to the setting out, two commissaires of the *châtelet*, in legal robes, four guards of the grand provost, half a score of the city archers, and as many cavalry, drew up in front of the delighted crowd; the commissaires then delivered an address on the advantages of the two-penny-halfpenny carriages, exhorted the riders to observe good order, and then, turning to the coachmen, covered the body of each with a long blue frock, with the arms of the king and the city showily embroidered on the stomach. With this original badge, off drove the coachmen. Sauval, in his "*Antiquities of Paris*," states these coaches to have been pursued by the shouts and hisses of the populace; but the truth of this story is doubted, and the account given by Madame Perier, the sister of Pascal, who witnessed the scene, describes the reception as a scene of unmixed joy. For a time all Paris strove to ride in these omnibusses: the two-penny-halfpenny coach was the event of the day; even the grand monarch, Louis XIV, tried a trip in one down at St. Germain; and the actors of the Marais played the "*Intrigues des carrosses à cinq sous*." The wealthier classes seem to have patronized the new carriages for a considerable time: it is singular that when they ceased to be fashionable, the poorer classes would have nothing to do with them, and so the speculation failed.

The next attempt at establishing public carriages of the omnibus kind appears to have been made in England: a hackney carriage, with four horses and six wheels, was tried in London about the year 1800, but unsuccessfully. We remember long-bodied coaches, to carry twelve or



fourteen passengers, between parts of Sussex and Hertfordshire and the metropolis, about the year 1808. The early Greenwich stages were mostly of this build; and a character in the farce of "Too late for Dinner," produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1820, talks of "The great green Greenwich coach."

Some years later, the omnibus re-appeared in Paris. In the "Monthly Magazine" for 1829, we read: "The omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen persons, all inside. Of these carriages there were about half-a-dozen some months ago, and they have been augmented, since their profits were said to have repaid the outlay within the first year; the proprietors, among whom is Lafitte, the banker, are making a large revenue out of Parisian sons, and speculation is still alive." Still, the invention is claimed by M. Baudry, of Nantes.

Another account places this revival somewhat earlier, namely, in Paris, in 1827, and derives the name of the carriage from the last word of the inscription placed upon the side of the vehicle, namely, "Enterprise générale des OMNIBUS."

In 1830, the novelty took another turn, and ruined the political prospects of the elder branch of the Bourbons; the accidental upset of an omnibus in Paris suggested the employment of a barricade, and thus changed the strategy of revolutions, and Louis Philippe, who profited by this turn in the wheel of fortune, henceforth had the *sobriquet* of "the king of the barricades."

In England the omnibus proper was first started through a district where expedition was much needed. "In Paddington," says a recent topographer,\* "by means of conveyances, open to all who have any small change, from sixpence to a penny, the whole of London can be travelled in half the time it took to reach Holborn Bar at the beginning of this century, when the road was in the hands of Mr. Miles, his pair-horse coach, and his redoubtable Boy. This coach, and these celebrated characters, were for a long time the only appointed agents of communication between Paddington and the City. The journey to the City was performed by them in something more than three hours; the charge for each outside passenger being two shillings, the 'inside' being expected to pay three. The delivery of parcels on the line added very materially to Mr. Miles's occupation and profit; and I am informed that 'Miles's Boy' not only told tales, to the great amusement of his master's customers, but gave them some equally amusing variations on an old fiddle, which was his constant travelling companion, and which he carefully removed from its green-baize covering, to beguile the time at every resting-place on the road."

The novelty by which this slow system was deposed is described by Mr. Shillibeer, in his evidence before the Board of Health, who states that, on July 4th, 1829, he started the first pair of omnibusses in the metropolis—from the Bank to the "Yorkshire Stingo," New Road—copied from Paris, where M. Lafitte, the banker, had previously established similar vehicles. Each of Shillibeer's carried twenty-two passengers inside, but only the driver outside; and each omnibus was drawn by three horses abreast: the fare was one shilling for the whole journey, and sixpence for half the distance, and for some time the passengers were provided with periodicals to read on the journey. Shillibeer's first conductors were the two sons of British naval officers, who were succeeded by young men in velvet liveries. The first omnibusses were called "Shillibeers," and the name is common to this day in New York.

"When the Paddington omnibusses first started,"

\* Paddington, Past and Present. By William Robins. 1853.

says Mr. Robins, "the aristocracy of 'The Green' were quite shocked at the disgrace thus brought on the parish; and loud and long were their complaints to the vestry, and most earnest were their petitions to that body, to rid them of 'the nuisance.' Since that time, however, greater folk than those of 'The Green' have not objected to be seated in these public vehicles; and so necessary to the public have they become, that one company of proprietors of Paddington omnibusses (in 1853) has had in use seven hundred horses at one time."

Such was the origin of the omnibus system in England. Its extension from the metropolis to our large towns, especially in connection with railways, is well known. Its spread on the Continent, from Paris, probably dates from 1839, when the omnibus began to run in Amsterdam. We find it now on the arid plains of the Old World, and in the nascent cities of the New; even in the sandy environs of Cairo you are whisked to your hotel in an oriental omnibus; wherever civilization pours forth her busy crowds, there is soon to be found the omnibus—its all-comprehensive name well bespeaking the ubiquity of its application, to an extent which it never entered the brain of "Miles's Boy" to conceive.

## THE REVIVAL OF SCIENCE.

GALILEO.

II.

IN order to give a continuous narrative, some popular stories connected with Galileo's trial have been passed over. These must now be alluded to. It has been generally credited that Galileo was put to the torture during the proceedings in the Inquisition. There is, however, the strongest ground to assure us that this was not the case. The idea so commonly accepted can be traced to the expression *Esame rigorosa*, or rigorous examination, which is employed in the sentence published by Riccioli. But not only is the supposition that Galileo was put to the torture in the Inquisition totally inconsistent with the whole tenor of the records which are published, but it is quite irreconcilable with what we know of his treatment in other respects at the hands of that court. Besides, among all the complaints of the treatment he underwent, in the writings of Galileo himself, there is not the slightest allusion or hint at such a proceeding having been resorted to.

There is another popularly received anecdote of the trial, which must be referred to. It is said that on rising from his knees after reciting his abjuration, struck with shame at what he had done, he muttered audibly, "E pur si muove"—It moves still. This story is discredited by the recent biographers (M. Biot as well as Lord Brougham and Sir D. Brewster). The story, however, even if groundless in point of fact, may serve as a clue to the light in which all these proceedings were viewed by Galileo's scientific adherents, and perhaps by the philosopher himself. The proceedings under the Inquisition are a kind of solemn farce, in which the philosopher is an enforced actor. The church declares the doctrine heresy; sets in motion her august machinery to denounce it; the enforced ceremonial of abjuration is gone through. *It moves still*, and nature and her philosophers laugh in silence at the portentous decrees which forbid it.

But if the task of threading the mazes of the Inquisition story is unsatisfactory and painful, it becomes the more grateful and pleasing to return to the life and teaching of Galileo, as uniformly exhibited in the open light of day, and to contemplate in this light his part in

the great scientific movement of the period, as contributing both to the advancement of science itself, and still more to the moral effect of that movement—the vindication of the mind from the bondage of authority and prejudice.

And first let us glance at his purely scientific achievements. The most important of them may be shortly stated to be the *invention* of the science of dynamics. Some of the fundamental propositions of the cognate mechanical science of statics had long before this time been realized by Archimedes. But no progress had been made in their application since that time; and the generally received notions of physics during the age which preceded Galileo, tended to obscure the principles which were, even in that earlier time, clearly apprehended and established. But not even an approximation had been made to a correct view of the laws of *moving* bodies in the very simplest cases. The received notions upon these subjects were adopted from the physics of Aristotle, who considered all motion as either rectilinear or circular, the former obtaining among terrestrial bodies, the latter guiding the paths of objects in the celestial regions. Motion was further classified as either natural or violent. The former was a motion such as that of a body falling from a height, which begins to move slowly and becomes quicker and quicker; the latter, a motion such as that of a body thrown along the ground, which diminishes and finally ceases. The opinion was also received that bodies fall quicker to the ground in proportion to their weight. These are only a sample of the vague and indistinct theories upon the subject of motion, which were afloat in Galileo's time, and which had to be swept away before the basis could be laid for a correct and solid system of dynamics. Galileo commenced, as we have seen, by questioning the received theories: he demonstrated by experiment that bodies of unequal weights fall through the same spaces in equal times, any slight differences being due to the resistance of the air. From observation and experiment combined with reflection, he was gradually led to the assertion that if a moveable body be placed upon a horizontal plane, and all obstacles to motion removed, motion will be uniform and perpetual upon the plane, if the plane be indefinitely extended.

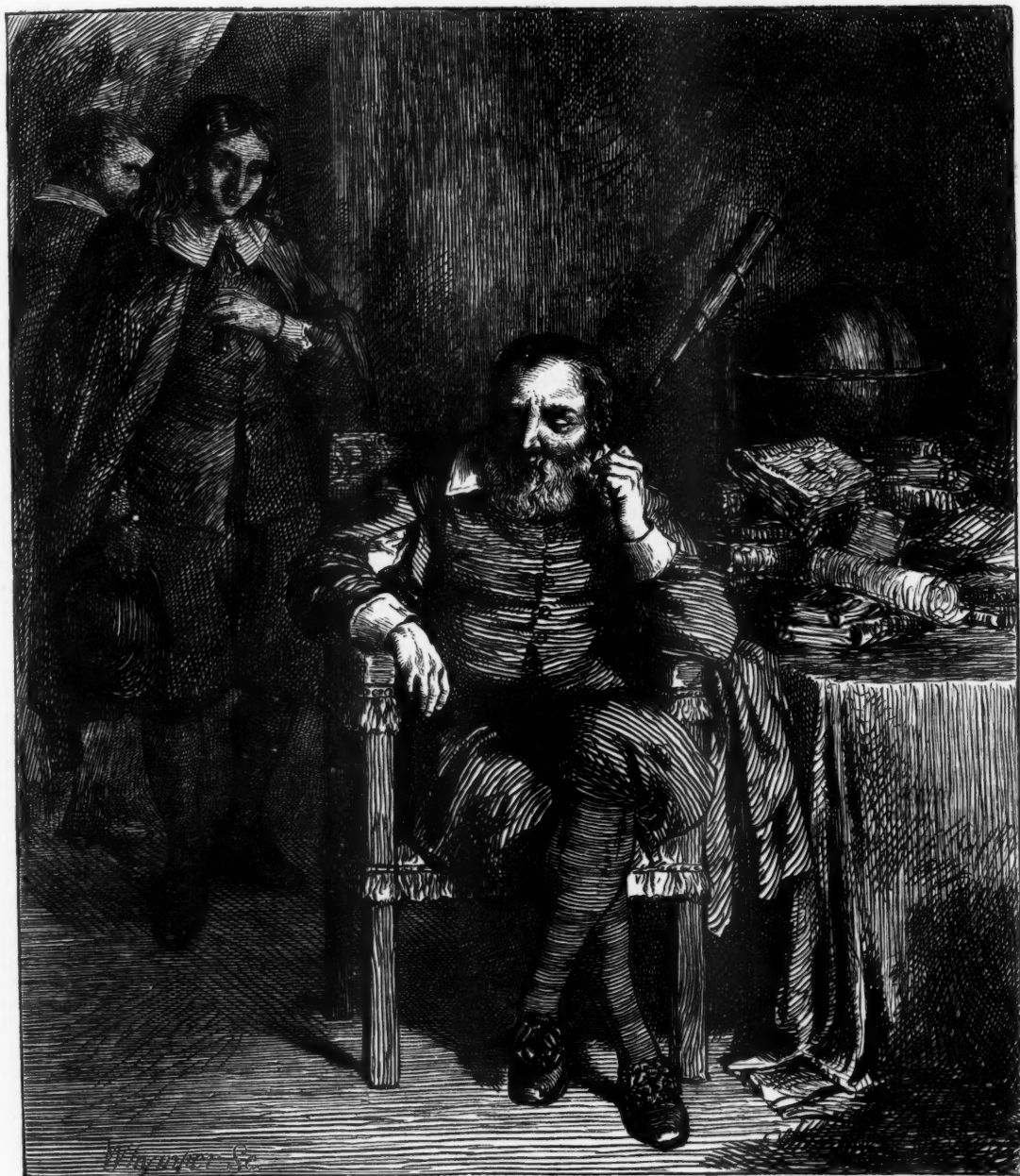
To this principle, a little more generalized, is assigned by Newton the first place among his three great laws of motion. On considering the motion of bodies falling under the action of gravity, Galileo was further led to the conclusion that equal additions to the velocity take place in equal times. This law again generalized, forms the second of Newton's laws of motion. From these two laws Galileo proved that the spaces through which a body descends under the action of gravity, are as the squares of the times, and that the motion of a projectile under the same force is a parabola—experience confirming the result, except so far as the motion is retarded by the resistance of the air. Thus the key was given to the whole theory of accelerated motion, and motion in a curved path.

The principles so established gave a solid basis to the science of dynamics. Developed as they were, and defined in accurate statements by Huygens, they required only the powerful and clear intellect of Newton to effect by their means the solution of the great problems of physical astronomy.

But besides the investigation of the true laws of motion, there was another conception to be established before those great problems were prepared for solution. It was necessary first, that men should be taught to look among the heavenly bodies for the same principles

of motion which obtain in what we see in the world around us. This great step was also effected by Galileo. In the period upon which he lighted, not only was such an idea unknown, but the reverse was received and taught upon the authority of Aristotle, who distinguished terrestrial and celestial bodies by their motions: the motion proper to the former being rectilinear; that proper to the latter circular. Further distinctions were made between the nature of the bodies, which rendered the idea of looking for the same laws in their motions still more difficult. The celestial bodies, namely, those endowed with circular motions, were incorruptible, unchangeable, unaffected by weight or lightness; the terrestrial bodies, endowed with rectilinear motion, were corruptible, changeable, heavy or light. These were the doctrines which Galileo once and for all swept away, first by attacking them as founded on no demonstration, and then by establishing, through the help of his telescopic discoveries, the theory of the solar system, which placed the sun in the centre, no longer as a mere geometrical explanation of the system (as it was in the hands of Copernicus), but as a physical and real fact. And now for the first time became possible the idea of searching for the physical causes of the celestial motions. Kepler having studied Gilbert's treatise on the magnet, was led to look in magnetism for the cause of the motions, and so lighted upon the happy guess of the elliptical orbits. The vortices of Des Cartes, though a mistaken hypothesis, is another instance to show how the minds of the leading philosophers were bent in this direction. The invention by Newton of centripetal forces was only a step from all those guesses to the true one, and the great value of Newton's work lies not so much in the discovery of this idea, as in the perseverance and almost superhuman power with which he worked it out and verified it. Galileo, then, is the founder of physical astronomy, as well as the inventor of dynamics. And it will only require a moment's reflection to convince us what claims these two facts give him on the gratitude of every branch of science in the present day. To physical astronomy we owe it that what had been the peculiar domain of mystery is subjected to natural laws, and so men are taught to look for natural laws everywhere. In the science of dynamics are involved the elements of almost every branch of physical inquiry. Again, it is from physical astronomy in its complete development, that the laws of motion themselves receive their ultimate and most perfect verification; so that in every point of view it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the debt which science owes to Galileo. Having thus described the great principles which he established, the minute details of his discoveries may be passed over shortly. Most of them have already been alluded to in the preceding sketch of his life. The principal are, the idea of applying the pendulum to the measurement of time (1582); the invention of that construction of the telescope which goes by his name, and its application to the survey of the heavenly bodies (1609); his discovery of Jupiter's satellites (1610); and subsequently, his pointing out their use in determining the longitude; the discovery of the phases of Venus, the ring of Saturn, the spots in the sun, and the sun's rotation. His works also contain a very ingenious treatise on floating bodies (1612), containing many ingenious experiments and much acute reasoning in support of the true principles of hydrostatics. His latest efforts were directed towards the completion of tables for the places of Jupiter's satellites, with a view to their use in the ascertainment of longitudes.





MILTON'S INTERVIEW WITH GALILEO,

There, unseen,  
In manly beauty, Milton stood before him,  
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest,  
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;  
He in his old age and extremity,  
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff;  
His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,  
His eye-balls idly rolling. Little then  
Did Galileo think whom he received;

That in his hand he held the hand of one  
Who could requite him—who would spread his name  
O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater;  
Milton as little that in him he saw,  
As in a glass, what he himself should be,  
Destined so soon to fall on evil days  
And evil tongues—so soon, alas, to live  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round  
And solitude.  
—ROGERS' "ITALY."

It now remains to contemplate what we may call the moral effect of Galileo's teaching—namely, its influence on popular thought, and his part in the more important effect of the great scientific movement of the age, namely, the restoration of liberty to science, and the vindication of the human mind from the bondage of authority and prejudice.

In order to understand rightly the difficulties Galileo had to contend with in teaching the new science, it is necessary to recur for a moment to the influence which the physical speculations of Aristotle and the peripatetics had upon the popular philosophy of the time. It is difficult for us, in the present day, to conceive how those quaint, crude, and mysterious fancies were accepted at that time in the solution of the problems of the material world; but it is impossible to over-estimate the hold they had attained over that influential body, the unreflecting learned—the educated mediocrities of the time. So great was the influence of these doctrines, that they seem to have acquired the authority of a religious belief, rather than that of a philosophical speculation. That is, they had acquired acceptance as part of the sum total of the knowledge of the age, and therefore, whoever infringed them was at once looked upon as an innovator, and regarded with suspicion. The immediate feeling is—What next? He touches established beliefs. What belief is safe?

It must be remembered what at that time were the relations between knowledge and the church. The church had nobly done its work in the revival of letters. The peripatetic philosophy was an integral part of this restored structure. It had been taught in schools and colleges as, forsooth, the entrance to the mysteries of nature. The church had found the key of knowledge; is it to be wondered at that she made a struggle to keep it in her own hands; to prevent the clear cold light of the outer air from penetrating the solemn gloom of the temple, lighted as yet only by the gorgeously coloured but still darkening oriel window? Add to this, the peculiar way in which these theories of science fitted in and made a harmonious whole with a mystical religion, which charmed the imagination while it fettered the intellect: that the world is perfect, because it has three dimensions, and three is a perfect number; that all motion is either rectilinear or circular; that all bodies are endowed with the property of one or other of these motions—the former are corruptible, mutable, affected by weight and lightness—the latter incorruptible, unchangeable, affected by no such qualities. The peripatetic philosophy had even been employed by St. Paul as an illustration of Christian truth: "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." So much had that philosophy been interwoven with even the purest expansion of Christian truth.

It was his attack on the established philosophy, bound up as it was with the teaching of the church, far more than the direct conflict of his doctrines with Scripture itself, that moved the wrath of the church against Galileo. The alleged contradiction to Scripture was made the pretext—they could scarcely make a pretext out of Aristotle—but the real conflict arose because the philosopher dared to question what was felt, though not acknowledged, to be bound up with faith; because he ventured to open anew the book of nature; to teach men to read it for themselves like children; to start on a new voyage in search of knowledge, sailing as from an old harbour whose fixed lights no longer pointed out the changed banks, into the wide free ocean, under the guidance only of the stars of heaven.

Looking, therefore, at the difficulties which the reception of the new science had to surmount, we can now estimate better the debt which posterity owes to Galileo, not only for his scientific discoveries, but for his bold vindication of the liberty of inquiry. In the face of the ever-impending wrath of the church, the controversy was carried on with a pertinacity and aggressiveness which won for ever to posterity the field on which the fair temple of science is rising. Had Galileo been content to enunciate his results as the mere speculations of the philosopher in his study, they might have long remained as unproductive of further results, as the investigations of Archimedes had done before him. It was because he had dared to challenge the received opinions; to enunciate his own conclusions as realities, before which they must stand or fall; to place himself in uncompromising opposition with the whole strength of educated ignorance and prejudice; therefore it was that the attention of Europe was concentrated upon the controversy; and the victory, never doubtful, won for the new science a home, not in the Academy of an Italian state, but in the University of the civilized world.

It will be worth while to trace a little more in detail this concentration of interest upon the discoveries of Galileo, and the correspondence which existed between him and the great men of his age, or the immediately succeeding one. It was by no means to Italy that the interest of the controversies was in the very first instance confined. It is a curious fact, that in the period we are writing of, the circulation of thought upon scientific subjects was more general, and the concentration of interest upon a new discovery more immediate, than in these days of the electric telegraph and endless magazines. The reason is, that the field of inquiry was more confined. A few great problems were all that had engaged the attention of philosophers; nor had single branches of study grown to such engrossing dimensions, that each demands the work of a lifetime from those who would contribute to its advance. An instance of this interchange of thought is the correspondence between Galileo and Kepler, in which the latter urged Galileo to publish his works in Germany, if he could not in Italy. We may cite, too, the fact, that the discovery of the regular oscillations of a pendulum by Galileo, is at once caught up by Huygens, and developed in his great work, "*De Horologio Oscillatorio*." Another correspondence of great interest we find a trace of in an address by Sir Christopher Wren to the Royal Society. Our own Gilbert, of whom more will be said in a following paper, "kept correspondence with the Lyncei Academici at Rome, especially with Francis Sagredus, one of the interlocutors in the *Dialogues of Galilæus*." The friendship of Sagredo with our philosopher has been already spoken of, and the fact of their correspondence is important in enabling us with certainty to fix a date at which the controversies of Galileo must have been known in England. The acquaintance between Sagredo and Galileo was formed in 1592, and the admiration of the former for the new teacher was unbounded. It is probable, therefore, that the doctrines propounded by Galileo were thus immediately communicated to Gilbert in all their freshness, and consequently would immediately become known and discussed in the scientific circles in this country. Gilbert died in 1603. But in the communication of knowledge, the debt was not all on the side of the Englishman. Gilbert's great treatise on the magnet, published in the year 1600, was read with great interest by Galileo, who pays him the fine compliment: "I extremely praise, admire, and envy this author."

The poet Milton, while on his travels on the Continent,

at about the age of thirty, paid a visit to Galileo. The visit is thus alluded to by the poet himself, in his "Areopagitica":—"There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." The great astronomer and his discoveries had deeply impressed the mind of Milton, and are frequently alluded to in the "Paradise Lost." We have, in the description of the shield of Satan—

"The broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Peseolo,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotted globe."

And again, in describing the distant view of the earth as it appeared to Raphael starting on his mission, it is said he sees—

"Earth, and the garden of God with cedars crown'd  
Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon;  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,  
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
A cloudy spot."

There is a noble passage in the "Paradise Lost," where the newly discovered system of the world is described as unfolded by Raphael to Adam, during their conversation in Paradise. We have only room to quote a short extract—

"What if the sun  
Be centre to the world, and other stars,  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Their wand'ring course, now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou see'st, and what if seventh to these,  
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move,  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day,  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray."

In this passage we have at once the new system of the world, and, contrasted with it, the devices imagined by the ancients for explaining the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies.

It will now be seen how quickly had the discoveries and controversies of Galileo absorbed the attention of all the scientific circles in Europe. To realize their influence, it is only necessary to point to the impulse which science received at that period throughout the Continent. Of all the great scientific men of this epoch, one and one alone had in some measure preceded the Florentine in an analogous method of experimental inquiry, namely, our countryman Gilbert. That Gilbert himself was not beyond the influence of Galileo has been already shown. And now follow in England an array of scientific names, such as simultaneously, perhaps, no other age has produced. Wren and Wallis, named by Newton along with Huygens as "easily the first of geometers of this age"—(*Hujus ætatis geometrarum facile principes*); the philosophic Boyle; the clear-headed Halley; and finally, Newton himself. In the meantime, the new-born, and only true scientific method, is expounded in the "Novum Organum" of Bacon. At the same time we had Des Cartes in France; Kepler and Huygens in Germany; besides the men of the Italian Academy, more immediately under Galileo's own in-

fluence. Under these men was inaugurated and matured that great movement which has placed the science of the present day on a firm and solid basis—the inter-rogation of nature by observation and experiment. The soul of that great movement was Galileo, as he was the leader in the revolution which restored liberty to science. Or if we were to look for two leaders in that revolution, we may, as Sir C. Wren remarks, with excusable pride in a countryman, "find in Galileo and our own Gilbert its Brutus and Collatinus."

### THE SHEPHERD AND THE DINGOE.

EVERY one, I presume, in these days of universal illustration, has seen, in either a pictorial, zoological, or museum point of view, the reddish-coloured half dog half fox-looking animal known as the dingoe, or native wild dog of Australia. My own experiences of him have been of a more close and personal nature; but I am sorry to say, our intimacy was never advantageous to either side, as it not only caused me the greatest annoyance, but was generally the means of the "other party" coming to grief. If called upon to describe the peculiar tendencies of dingoe-nature, I should commence and leave off on the one great ruling passion of his life—his instinctive inherent love of mutton. Even as the lion who has once dined on man will risk much in future to obtain his biped *bonne bouche*, so the dingoe who has once revelled in mutton will afterwards charge sheep-folds, spite of men or dogs, to satisfy his gourmand propensities. So well is this fact recognised in the bush, that the shepherds there invariably make an *auto da fé* of the carcass of any sheep that dies on the "run." A neglect of this ordinary precaution once got me into great difficulties, as the following narrative will show.

At the time I allude to I was a hut-keeper at a lone sheep station, in a wild district of Moreton Bay. It was shearing-time, and my mates, the two shepherds, had left to conduct one of the flocks to the head station. The other flock was confided to my care. As neither natives nor native dogs had been troublesome for some time, I was quite content with this arrangement, although in an emergency I had no hope for assistance nearer than the head station, distant perhaps forty miles. The very day of the shepherds' departure, while feeding my sheep, one of them died. Unfortunately, I had no means of striking a light in my possession, so I left the carcass intact, intending to come that way again shortly and burn it; but what was my surprise and remorse on the morrow to find the dead sheep much mangled, and a portion of it devoured, indubitably, as certain appearances showed, by a native dog. I felt I was in a mess, and didn't clearly see my way out of it. Most likely the dingoe, his appetite whetted by the mutton, would attack my fold, in which case the odds were much against me; for I was single-handed, my sheep were young and wild, and worse than all, I had lent the shepherds my invaluable watch-dog, my little pet spaniel "Missy," with whose aid I would have defied a legion of dingoes.

The night but one after, a terrible hubbub awoke me, to find a wild dog howling away in the adjacent scrub, and my sheep rushing from one side of the fold to the other, in a very paroxysm of terror. My ears more than my eyes acquainted me with these facts, for the night was very dark. I felt what was coming, and snatched up my gun and ammunition. As I did so, down went a hurdle, and hurry scurry, one over another, one thousand two hundred sheep rushed forth into the bush. Vainly I tried to head them back. All I could do was to hang



on in the rear of the main body, and not lose sight of it. On we swept, crashing through underwood and scrambling over trunks of fallen trees—now entangled in a thickly-wooded valley—now climbing an open mountain side—but always at a pace that gave me as much as I could do to retain my position.

However, the first light of day found me, though panting, distressed, and all but worn-out, still in company with the sheep, whom the sight of a water-hole had at last pulled up. It was with much pleasure that, after they had slaked their thirst, I saw my charge lie down as if fagged out with its nocturnal promenade. Completely used-up, I followed the example, and was soon fast asleep upon the turf. The burning heat of the mid-day sun awoke me, and, starting to my feet, I eagerly counted the sheep, that by this time were placidly feeding around me. As near as I could make out, they numbered about nine hundred and fifty, so that some two hundred and fifty were missing. Considering all things, I felt this was better than could have been expected. And now to return home. Home! in that one word was comprised the great difficulty of the situation, for I hadn't the most remote idea in which direction my home lay. Vainly I tried to think what was best to be done. Hunger now stifled all other arguments, and told me I must eat. Mentally I replied, that "I had nothing comestible." Whereupon my sharp monitor rejoined that "I had sheep, and that mutton, in the popular acceptance of the term, though perhaps not in London pie-shops, was supposed to be the flesh of sheep." But the instrument wherewith to butcher the food? the fire to cook it? The knife in my belt, and the flint and steel in my pocket, solved these two last problems. Twenty minutes, in dramatic parlance, "is supposed to have passed away," and lo! I was "wolfing up" a mutton cutlet with a relish I never experienced for food before, though in the present instance I had neither bread nor salt. By the time I had finished, the sheep began to move off, feeding as they went; and, hoping some instinct would lead them home, I followed at leisure. Night, however, overtook us, and I saw it was a case of "camping out;" so I collected the sheep into a little valley, as I had no fold—lighted a large fire—cooked a supper off some mutton I had saved and brought with me, and ultimately fell asleep. While dreaming I was Robinson Crusoe, but dressed in sheep instead of goat-skins, a rush that shook the ground roused me up.

The sheep were off again, stampeded by that Nemesis of mine, the dingoe, whose howlings I could plainly distinguish in the distance. With the most hearty maledictions on the brood of native dogs in general, I hastened after the fugitives, and, in short, the programme of the previous night was repeated, with far greater loss; for in the morning but two hundred sheep remained to me. I entertained but little hopes of ever seeing the stragglers again, as probably the dingoes had cut them off; and it is the dire attribute of this beast that he is not content with one sheep out of a flock, to devour at his leisure, but rages amongst it, killing and wounding numbers, as if slaughter was his delight.

I now saw something must be done, as my situation was getting perilous in the extreme. If the sheep were stampeded every night, I should soon not have a feather to fly with, or in other words, not a bit of mutton to eat. Losing all my sheep was in fact equivalent to becoming myself a "lost mutton." In this strait, accident befriended me; for I was fortunate enough this afternoon to find a water-hole, a few hundred yards from which was an angular rift in the mountain side. Seeing that it was admirably adapted for an impromptu sheepfold, I

contrived with much labour to form a breastwork of logs and brushwood at the base of the angle of the rift, thus converting it into a species of triangular inclosure, perfectly capable of containing my reduced flock. The success of this essay determined me to attempt another, which was, to set a trap for mine enemy the dingoe, who, I felt sure, would infallibly visit me again at nightfall. My calculations led me to believe that in this case the water-hole, round which there was thick cover, would probably be his first lurking-place. Here, then, I set my trap, which I constructed with my gun, in a rude imitation of that used by English gamekeepers to destroy vermin.

It was quite sundown by the time I had finished these arrangements; so I got the sheep into the inclosure and sat down, determined to watch the "march of events." Hours passed away, and I was commencing to nod over the fire, when the loud report of a heavily-shotgun drove the film from my eyes in a moment. Snatching a brand from the fire, I sped to my trap. There, stone-dead at my feet, with skull shattered to pieces, lay the cause of all my misfortunes—a huge dog-dingoe. The tables were turned: I had become his Nemesis now.

That night I slept the sleep of contentment. Would that my waking visions could have been of the same complexion; for on rising the next day and going to the fold, to my surprise and consternation it was empty; my flock had escaped—I was sheepless. "Boopepian" like, I had "lost my sheep;" but though, in common with the small hero of the nursery rhyme, "I didn't know where to find them," I had not the slightest confidence in my sheep "coming home and bringing their tails behind them." On the contrary, I never expected to see a tail of them again.

How day by day I hunted for the runaways, and returned each night from the unsuccessful quest to the water-hole and deserted fold—how, by the aid of my gun, I devoured as many parrots, parroquets, and cockatoos, as would have made the fortune of one of the enterprising bird-fanciers of St. Martin's Lane—how I diversified that gorgeous but unsatisfactory diet with "bandicoots," a species of small rat, and rivalled those "small deer" in misery—for "miserable as a bandicoot" is a much-used Colonial phrase—it is not necessary for me to describe in detail. I only know that after a week had passed, waiting in anxious suspense for "something to turn up," which never did, I lay down on the seventh evening with a fixed resolve on the morrow to leave my water-hole, and "make tracks" through the bush in a direction in which I had some feeble, indefinite idea our hut lay; though perfectly well aware that most likely I should only add one more victim to the mighty holocaust already offered up to the maws of the ever hungry, thirsty, and insatiable bush.

In the midst of that wretched night I was startled from a feverish sleep by something licking my face. I looked up—it was—yes! my little spaniel—my darling "Missy," who, whining, struggling, and panting, lavished on me, as I did on her, a thousand caresses. I understood all in a moment. She had returned to the hut in company with the shepherds, and missing me, had set off on my trail, and alone and unaided had found me. Well, too, I knew that alone and unaided she could deliver me. My heart was wrung by finding she was half dead with fatigue and want, caused, no doubt, by her lengthened efforts on the "cold" trail, that probably in many places had baffled for a time even her wonderful sagacity. Like a father tending his child, I carried her to the water-hole, gave her to drink, and washed her wearied limbs in the cool and refreshing water. Afterwards I bore my pet to

the fire-side, and laid her on a bed of dried grass, while I denuded a magnificent cockatoo of his plumage, and griddled him for her supper. That night she slept in my arms. After breakfast next morning, I made my usual toilet, that is, I put on my hat; then I kissed my little companion, and whispered softly in her ear, "Home! dear Missy, home!" and at the word, with head high in air, and many a loving glance cast backwards at my face, the intelligent little guide trotted in advance, holding, I may remark, a diametrically opposite course to the one I had previously marked out for myself. All day long we pursued our march, and as evening fell we stood on the crest of a high mountain, and "Missy" barked a short intelligent bark. I looked, and saw far down in the valley beneath us a small twinkling light—it was the hut—I was saved.

I was received by my hut-mates as one risen from the dead. Mounted men, they had informed me, had scoured the bush in all directions in search of me; but, as we know, this quest had been fruitless; yet, strange to say, by this means nearly all the sheep were recovered, with the exception of some seventy or eighty, that were never again seen; and who, there can be little doubt, had succumbed to the unrelenting pursuit and wolf-like fangs of that bane of sheep and shepherd in Australia—the dingoe.

#### THE "TIMES" NEWSPAPER.

In a recent number we gave some account of the "Times" newspaper as it appeared in 1798. Our readers will be interested in perusing the following extracts, containing descriptions of the same journal as it appears in our own day, the Colossus of the press, and the chief exponent of public opinion.

The first extract is from a recent work by M. Edmond About, the cleverest light *littérateur* of France:—

"The 'Times' is the king of journals, but a king sincerely constitutional. It has no opinion of its own; it registers, from day to day, the opinion of the English middle classes. Hence it is that it is great, that it is strong, that it is irremovable. The middle classes say 'white,' the 'Times' says 'white;' the middle classes say 'black,' the 'Times' says 'black.' If by mischance it takes into its head to contradict the sentiments of the public, it is warned, within the twenty-four hours, by a reduction in its budget; for it has three or four thousand copies left upon its hands. If it were mad enough to be obstinate, and to oppose itself to public opinion, England would choose another 'Times,' and set it up instead. But it never risks dethronement. The chief editor of the 'Times' has ambassadors, lieutenants in the provinces, a magnificent budget, and an honourable civil list. He may be Smith or Thompson, it matters little; the important thing is that he should know how to feel the pulse of England, and count the pulsations, without pretending to stop them. On these terms he is certain to keep his place until death, and to transmit it to his children without a revolution. The 'Times' will last for ever, if it is always wise enough to submit itself to public opinion."

The following amusing extract is from Serjeant Kinglake's "History of the War in the Crimea," to the actual outbreak of which the "Times" is described as having fully contributed. Mr. Kinglake certainly exaggerates this influence. M. About more correctly estimates the "Times" as the exponent rather than the leader of public opinion.

"In former times almost everybody who could was ac-

customed to contribute in an active way to the formation of opinion. Men evolved their own political ideas and drew forth the ideas of their friends by keen oral discussion, and in later times by long elaborate letters. But gradually, following somewhat slowly upon the invention of printing, there came to be introduced a new division of labour. It was found that if a small number of competent men would make it their calling to transact the business of thinking upon political questions, the work might be more handily performed by them than by the casual efforts of people who were commonly busied in other sorts of toil; and as soon as this change took effect, the weighing of state questions and the judging of public men lapsed away from the direct cognisance of the nation at large, and passed into the hands of those who knew how to utter in print. What had been an intellectual exercise, practised in a random way by thousands, was turned into a branch of industry and pursued with great skill by a few. People soon found out that an essay in print—an essay strong and terse, but, above all, opportune—seemed to clear their minds more effectually than the sayings which they heard in conversation, or the letters they received from their friends; and at length the principle of divided labour became so complete in its application to the forming of political opinions, that by glancing at a newspaper, and giving swift assent to its assertions and arguments, many an Englishman was saved the labour of further examining his political conscience, and dispensed from the necessity of having to work his own way to a conclusion.

"But to spare a man from a healthy toil is not always an unmixed good. To save a free-born citizen from the trouble of thinking upon questions of State is to take from him his share of dominion; and although it be true that he who follows printed advice is under a guidance more skilful and dexterous than any he could have got from his own untutored mind, he is less of a man—and, upon the whole, is less fair, less righteous—than one who in a ruder fashion contrives to think for himself. Just as a man's quality may in some respects be lowered by his habitual reliance on the policeman and the soldier who relieve him from the trouble and the anxiety of self-defence, so his intellectual strength, and his means of knowing how to be just, may easily become impaired if he suffers himself to walk too obediently under the leading of a political writer.

"But the ability of men engaged in political writing grew even more rapidly than the power to which they were attaining, and after a while they so gained upon the ostensible statesmen that Parliament no longer stood alone as the exponent of opinion, and was obliged to share its privilege with a number of gifted men whose names it could hardly ever find out. Still, Parliament had valour and strength of its own, and, except in the matter of mere celebrity, it was a gainer rather than a loser from the wholesome rivalry forced upon it by its new and mysterious associate. It was the public which lagged. Men commonly take a long time to adapt themselves to the successive advances of civilization; and the people were backward in fitting themselves to deal with the increasing ability and the increasing knowledge of the public writer. They indeed hardly knew the true scope of the change which had been taking place; for whilst the writer was a personage chosen for his skill, and acting with the force which belongs to discipline and organization, the readers were men straying loose; and for their means of acting in anything like concert with one another, they were dependent in a great degree upon that very engine of publicity which was fast usurping their power. Moreover, these readers of public prints

were slow to understand the new kind of duty which had come upon them. They were slow to see that it became them to look in a very critical spirit upon the writings of a stranger, unseen and unknown, who was not only proposing to guide them, but even to speak in their name; and they did not yet understand that they ought to read print, not, perhaps, in a captious spirit, but, to say the least, with something of the measured confidence which their forefathers had been accustomed to place in the words of princes and statesmen. The blessing conferred by print will perhaps be complete when the diligence, the wariness, and, above all, the courageous justice of those who read, shall be brought into fair proportion with the skill and the power of those who address them in print. Already a wholesome change has been wrought; and if in these days a man goes chanting and chanting in servile response to a newspaper, he misses the voices of the tens of thousands of fellow-choristers who sang with him five years ago. But certainly, at the time of the Russian war, the common discourse of an Englishman was too often a mere 'Amen' to something he had seen in print.

"For a long time there had remained to the general public a vestige of their old custom of thinking for themselves, because in last resort they were privileged to determine between the rival counsels pressed upon them by contending journalists; but several years before the outbreak of the war there had come yet another change. The apparatus provided by the constitution for collecting the opinions of the people was far from being complete; and notwithstanding the indications afforded by Parliament and by public writings, the direction which the nation's opinion had taken was a matter which could often be called in question. Some could say that the people desired one thing, and some, with equal boldness, that the people desired the contrary. Then it came that the task of finding out the will of the nation, and giving to it a full voice and expression, was undertaken by private citizens.

"Long before the outbreak of the war, there were living in some of the English counties certain widows and gentlemen who were the depositaries of a power destined to exercise a great sway over the conduct of the war. Their ways were peaceful, and they were not perhaps more turned towards politics than other widows and country gentlemen; but by force of deeds and testaments, by force of births, deaths, and marriages, they had become the members of an ancient firm or Company which made it its business to collect and disseminate news. They had so much good sense of the worldly sort, that, instead of struggling with one another for the control of their powerful engine, they remained quietly at their homes, and engaged some active and gifted men to manage the concern for them in London. The practice of the Company was to issue a paper daily, containing an account of what was going on in the world, together with letters from men of all sorts and conditions who were seeking to bring their favourite subjects under the eye of the public, and also a few short essays upon the topics of the day. Likewise, upon paying the sum required by the Company, any person could cause whatever he chose to be inserted in the paper as an 'advertisement,' and the sheet containing these four descriptions of matter was sold to the public at a low rate.

"Extraordinary enterprise was shown by the Company in the gathering of intelligence; and during the wars following the French Revolution they caused their despatches from the Continent to reach them so early that they were able to forestall the Government of the day. In other countries the spectacle of a Government outdone in this way by private enterprise would have

seemed a scandal; but the Englishman liked the thought that he could buy and bring to his own home as much knowledge as was in the hands of a minister of state, and he enjoyed the success of his fellow-countrymen in their rivalry with the Government. From this time the paper gathered strength. It became the foremost journal of the world; and this was no sooner the case, than the mere fact of its being thus foremost gave a great acceleration to its rise; for, simply because it was recognised as the most public of prints, it became the clue with which anxious man went seeking in the maze of the busy world for the lost and the unknown, and all that was beyond his own reach. The prince who was claiming a kingdom, the servant who wanted a place, the mother who had lost her boy, they all went thither; thither Folly ran hurrying, and was brought to a wholesome parley with Wisdom; thither went righteous anger; thither also went hatred and malice. And not in vain was all this concourse; for either the troubled and angry men got the discipline of finding that the world would not listen to their cries, or else they gained a vent for their passions, and brought all their theories to a test by calling a whole nation—nay, by calling the civilized world—to hearken and be their witness. Over all this throng of appellants men unknown sat in judgment, and—violently, perhaps, but never corruptly—a rough sort of justice was done. The style which Oriental hyperbole used to give to the Sultan might be claimed with more colour of truth by the journal. In a sense it was the 'asylum of the world.'

"Still, up to this point the Company occupied ground in common with many other speculators; and if they had gone no further, it would not have been my province to notice the result of their labours; but many years ago it had occurred to the managers of this Company that there was one important article of news which had not been effectually supplied. It seemed likely that, without moving from his fireside, an Englishman would be glad to know what the bulk of his fellow-countrymen thought upon the uppermost questions of the day. The letters received from correspondents furnished some means of acquiring this knowledge; and it seemed to the managers of the Company, that at some pains, and at a moderate cost, it would be possible to ascertain the opinions which were coming into vogue, and see the direction in which the current would flow. It is said that, with this intent, they many years ago employed a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort, and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the time. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places, and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers. He became so skilled in his peculiar calling that, as long as he served them, the Company was rarely misled; and although in later times they were frequently baffled in their pursuit of this kind of knowledge, they never neglected to do what they could to search the heart of the nation.

"When the managers had armed themselves with the knowledge thus gathered, they prepared to disseminate it, but they did not state badly what they had ascertained to be the opinion of the country. Their method was as follows: they employed able writers to argue in support of the opinion which, as they believed, the country was already adopting; and, supposing that they had been



well informed, their arguments of course fell upon willing ears. Those who had already formed a judgment saw their own notions stated and pressed with an ability greater than they could themselves command; and those who had not yet come to an opinion were strongly moved to do so when they saw the path taken by a Company which notoriously strove to follow the changes of the public mind. The report which the paper gave of the opinion formed by the public was so closely blended with arguments in support of that same opinion, that he who looked at the paper merely to know what other people thought, was seized, as he read, by the cogeny of the reasoning; and, on the other hand, he who imagined that he was being governed by the force of sheer logic, was merely obeying a guide who, by telling him that the world was already agreed, made him go and flock along with his fellows: for as the utterance of a prophecy is sometimes a main step towards its fulfilment, so a rumour asserting that multitudes have already adopted a given opinion will often generate that very concurrence of thought which was prematurely declared to exist. From the operation of this double process it resulted, of course, that the opinion of the English public was generally in accord with the writings of the Company; and the more the paper came to be regarded as a true exponent of the national mind, the more vast was the publicity which it obtained.

"Plainly, then, this printing Company wielded a great power; and if I have written with sufficient clearness, I have made it apparent that this was a power of more vast dimensions than that which men describe when they speak of 'the power of the Press.' It is one thing, for instance, to denounce a public man by printed arguments and invectives which are believed to utter nothing more than the opinion of the writers, and it is another and a graver thing to denounce him in writings which, though having the form of arguments, are (rightly or wrongly) regarded as manifestoes—as manifestoes declaring the judgment of the English people. In the one case the man is only accused; in the other he seems to stand already condemned.

"But though the Company held all this power, their tenure of it was of such a kind that they could not exercise it perversely or whimsically without doing a great harm to their singular trade; for the whole scheme of their existence went to make them, not autocratic, but representative in their character; and they were obliged, by the law of their being, to keep themselves as closely as they could in accord with the nation at large.

"This, then, was the great English journal; and whether men spoke of the mere printed sheet which lay upon their table, or of the mysterious organization which produced it, they habitually called either one or the other the 'Times.' Moreover, they often prefixed to the word such adjectives and participles as showed that they regarded the subject of their comments in the light of a sentient, active being, having a life beyond the span of mortal men, gifted with reason, armed with a cruel strength, endued with some of the darkest of the human passions, talked about as if liable hereafter to the direst penalty of sin.\*

"On the Sabbath England had rest; but in the early

morning of all other days the irrevocable words were poured forth and scattered abroad to the corners of the earth, measuring out honour to some, and upon others bringing scorn and disgrace. Where and with whom the real power lay, and what was its true source, and how it was to be propitiated—these were questions wrapped in more or less obscurity; for some had a theory that one man ruled, and some another, and some were sure that the Great Newspaper governed all England, and others that England governed the Newspaper. Philosophic politicians traced events to what they called "public opinion." With almost the same meaning, women and practical men simply spoke of the "Times." But whether the power of the great journal was a power all his own, or whether it was only the vast shadow of the public mind, it was almost equally to be dreaded and revered by worldly men, for plainly, in that summer of 1854, it was one with England. Its words might be wrong, but it was certain that to tens of thousands of men they would seem to be right. They might be the collected voice of all these isles, or the mere utterance of some one unknown man sitting pale by a midnight lamp, but there they were.

"Of the temper and spirit in which this strange power had been wielded, up to the time of the outbreak of the war, it is not very hard to speak. In general the 'Times' had been more willing to lead the nation in its tendencies to improvement than to follow it in its errors: what it mainly sought was—not to be much better or wiser than the English people, but to be the very same as they were—to go along with them in all their adventures, whether prudent or rash—to be one with them in their hopes and their despair, in their joy and in their sorrow, in their gratitude and in their anger. So, although in general it was willing enough to repress the growth of any new popular error which seemed to be weakly rooted, still the whole scheme and purpose of the Company forbade it all thought of trying to make a stand against any great and general delusion. By degrees, in proportion as the growing concord of the people enabled it to speak with more and more authority, power lapsed, and continued to lapse, from out of the hands of the Government, until at length public opinion, no longer content to direct the general policy of the State, was preparing to undertake the almost scientific, the almost technical duty of planning a campaign.

"On the morning of the 15th of June, the great newspaper declared and said that 'The grand political and military objects of the war could not be attained as long as Sebastopol and the Russian fleet were in existence; but that, if that central position of the Russian power in the south of the empire were annihilated, the whole fabric, which it had cost the Czars of Russia centuries to raise, must fall to the ground.'

"Before the seventh day from the manifesto of the 15th, the country had made loud answer to the appeal; and on the 22nd of June the great newspaper, informed with the deep will of the people, and taking little account of the fears of the prudent and the scruples of the good, laid it down that 'Sebastopol was the keystone of the arch which spanned the Euxine from the mouths of the Danube to the confines of Mingrelia,' and that 'a successful enterprise against the place was the essential condition of permanent peace.' And although this appeal was founded in part upon a false belief—a belief that the siege of Silistria had been raised—it seemed as though all mankind were in haste to adjust the world to the newspaper; for within twenty hours from the publication of the 22nd of June, truth obeyed the voice of false rumours, and followed in the wake of the 'Times.'"

\* The form of speech which thus impersonates a manufactory and its wares has now so obtained in our language that, discarding the forcible epithets, one may venture to adopt it in writing, and to give "The Times" the same place in grammatical construction as though it were the proper name of an angel or a hero, a devil or a saint, or a sinner already condemned. Custom makes it good English to say: "The 'Times' will protect him;" "The 'Times' is savage;" "The 'Times' is crushing him;" "The blessed 'Times' has put the thing right;" "That 'Times' has done all the mischief."

## Varieties.

NEW YORK ON "INDEPENDENCE DAY," 4TH JULY, 1863.—The following extract has interest as the report of an eye-witness, but it only gives the surface view of things at the time, and touches no deeper feelings:—

An English gentleman, who has been absent from New York for six weeks, shooting the wild buffalo on the far western prairies beyond Kansas, returned yesterday. Having learnt from the newspapers, on the way, that Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington were menaced by one of the most stupendous invasions recorded in history, he naturally expected to find this great city in a state of intense commotion, and filled with all the warlike pomp, parade, and bustle that usually attend the crises of a nation's fate. But he found nothing of the kind. No drum-beat or trumpet-call; no meeting of legions for the attack or the defence; no cessation of ordinary business; no appeals, oral or verbal, to the patriotism of the multitude; no meetings of grave city dignitaries to discuss the danger, and the means to avert or lessen it; no council of the venerable heads that direct the financial and commercial enterprise of one of the chief cities of the world; no knots of earnest citizens gathered at street corners in earnest colloquy on the dangers of the present or the chances of the future were to be heard or seen. Everything was precisely as before; the same busy men and frivolous women blockaded Broadway in the pursuit of business or pleasure; the same bounding life and exuberant prosperity displayed themselves at every turn; the equipages of the "shoddy" contractors rolled through the fashionable avenues, or hurried to the Central Park to display the too gorgeous finery and the too pretentious jewelry of the fair occupants, grown too suddenly rich to be quite at ease in the unusual position into which the good fortune of their husbands and fathers and the bad fortune of their country had thrust them. And this unconcern of all classes is so remarkable that every one sees and admits it. The newspapers moralize over, but do not understand it, not one having any other explanation to offer than that the people are disgusted with the war and with the Government, and hope that General Lee will take Washington and make a prisoner of Mr. Lincoln, and so end a difficulty that seems to present no other so feasible and so happy a solution.—*Times' Correspondent at New York.*

LETTERS BY POST.—The number of letters delivered in England in 1862 was 497 millions, in Ireland 51 millions, and in Scotland 57 millions; being, for England, 24 to each person; for Ireland, 9 to each person; and for Scotland, 19 to each person. As compared with 1861, the total shows an increase of 12 millions; and, as contrasted with the year previous to the introduction of penny postage (1839), an increase (omitting franks) of 529 millions; making the present number of letters very nearly eight-fold the number in 1839. In the London district alone the number of letters is now nearly double that which, before the adoption of the penny postage, was delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom, London included. There is an immense increase, it seems, in the number of printed circulars which are posted. In relation to the Lambeth election, there were as many as 40,000 circulars posted in a single day. Nearly half a million letters passed through the temporary post-office in the International Exhibition. The number of registered letters passed through the London office has increased by 37 per cent., while there has been a great diminution in applications for missing letters containing coin.—*Post-office Annual Report.*

WELL DONE, SKYE!—My own native Skye has been honoured to share in that work which, under God, has brought Great Britain to sit now as the queen of nations, and long be her reign under our own Victoria and her illustrious race! During a period of not more than forty years, towards the close of last century and the commencement of this, there were contributed to the armaments of Britain from the Island of Skye ten thousand foot soldiers, not fewer than twenty-one lieutenant-generals or major-generals, one adjutant-general of the British forces, forty-eight lieutenant-colonels, and six hundred majors, captains, and subalterns. And for various departments of the civil service during the same period—besides no insignificant number of men and officers in the British navy—Skye supplied four Governors of British colonies, one acting Governor-General of India, one Lord Chief Baron of England, and one Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. We know not whether, of any

equal extent of territory and no larger population, any such a statement could be made. The men of Skye were of some value in those days. Times have changed. The cry is now, Away with them—away with them! Sheep, it appears, are more worthy of keeping. But great as the glory of Skye may be in the particulars above mentioned, I hope I shall not be considered as unduly magnifying my native island or the Church of our fathers, when I say that in all those it has no glory at all, in respect of the greater glory, keeping the individual entirely out of view, of giving a Moderator to the Free Church of Scotland.—*Speech of Rev. Dr. Roderick M'Leod, Moderator of Free Church Assembly, 1863.*

SANDRINGHAM HALL is a plain-looking country house, with no original pretension to any character of architecture, but with a front porch, and some minor projections in that style which found its way into England during the reign of Queen Anne, and which dropped a portion of its Italian spirit on the way. The architect of Sandringham Hall, in adopting this established form of masonry, which combines white stone with red brick-work, has imported some slight features of Elizabethan design. His additions are easily distinguishable from the main structure, from which they may be said, literally and technically, to stand out. The west side of the hall, with its three-pointed eaves, and the whole face of the building reflected in an ornamental piece of water, is the most picturesque view.

WELLINGTON'S ESTIMATE OF NAPOLEON I.—It is very true that I have often said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field to be equal to 40,000 men in the balance. This is a very loose way of talking; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. I will explain my meaning. 1. Napoleon was a *grand homme de guerre*, possibly the greatest that ever appeared at the head of a French army. 2. He was the sovereign of the country as well as the military chief of the army. That country was constituted upon a military basis. All its institutions were framed for the purpose of forming and maintaining its armies with a view to conquest. All the offices and rewards of the State were reserved in the first instance exclusively for the army. An officer, even a private soldier of the army, might look to the sovereignty of a kingdom as the reward for his services. It is obvious that the presence of the sovereign with an army so constituted must greatly excite their exertions. 3. It was quite certain that all the resources of the French State, civil, political, financial, as well as military, were turned towards the seat of the operations which Napoleon himself should direct. 4. Every sovereign in command of an army enjoys advantages against him who exercises only a delegated power, and who acts under orders and responsibilities. But Napoleon enjoyed more advantages of this description than any other sovereign that ever appeared. His presence, as stated by me more than once, was likely not only to give to the French army all the advantages above detailed, but to put an end to all the jealousies of the French Marshals and their counteraction of each other, whether founded upon bad principles and passions, or their fair differences of opinion. The French army thus had a unity of action. These four considerations induced me to say generally that his presence ought to be considered as 40,000 men in the scale. But the idea is obviously very loose, as must be seen by a moment's reflection. If the two armies opposed to each other were 40,000 men on each side, his presence could not be equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men on the side of the French army, nor even if they were 60,000 men on each side, or possibly even 80,000 men on each side. It is clear, however, that wherever he went he carried with him an obvious advantage. I don't think that I ought to be quoted as calling that advantage as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men under all possible circumstances.—*Lord Stanhope's Miscellanies.*

HARMLESS AND HURTFUL PLEASURES.—The true principle in judging what amusements are innocent or not, is to observe their influence on moral and spiritual health. The mother of John Wesley thus wisely counselled her son: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is *sin* to you, however innocent it may be in itself."